



THE ANACONDA.

THE
NARRATIVE OF EVERARD BROOKE.

(Continued.)

EXCITED by Zadi's remonstrances, about a dozen of the bravest among the domestics and palanquin-bearers were assembled with torches in their hands in the court-yard. My design was, to steal as near the hill as the under-wood would permit, under favour of the darkness, and only guided by a single dark lanthorn. When we could approach no further without hazard, we were to light our torches as fast as possible, and whirling them round and round, to rush towards the pavilion with loud shouts, in order that our attack might be accompanied by all the terrors and advantage of surprise.

Zadi, to whose care the guiding lanthorn was confided, went foremost; I followed close upon his footsteps, and thus with extreme caution, and in profound silence, did we pass through bushes and brambles, till we arrived above half as near again to the pavilion,

as the position which we had occupied during the day. The Anaconda now lay right before us, quiet and unsuspecting; nor could we have wished for a better opportunity for executing our plan with every probability of success. We now turned to our companions..... But, just heaven! who can express our astonishment and vexation, and how did our hearts sicken at perceiving, that the faithless cowards had shrunk from the danger now that it was so near at hand, and had profited by the darkness to steal away one by one! I was alone with Zadi; we concluded with justice, that for only two persons to make the attempt must be unavailing, and the old man flattered himself, that he should be able to shame his comrades into a resumption of their more manly resolutions. I had but little hopes of his success; yet no choice was left me but to follow him, and give double strength to his persuasions and reproaches.

Both were employed in vain; their terrors had subdued all sense of shame completely. They called us madmen for wishing to expose ourselves to the fury of the

famished Anaconda ; and instead of promising any future assistance, they declared, that they would only wait for day-break to secure themselves by flight from a danger so imminent. In the meanwhile Zadi was busy in fastening several torches together in pairs.

"Come, Sir!" he cried to me; "let us lose no more precious time in endeavouring to inspire these heartless knaves with courage! Let us leave the cowards, and try, whether perhaps the glare of these torches, doubled as you see them, may not of themselves be sufficient to dazzle and scare away the monster. At the worst we can but perish with our dear master, and it is better to die, than not perform our duty!"

I obeyed him: we hastened back to the pavilion. Already were we on the point of ascending the hill, when I felt my arm seized by some one with a convulsive grasp. I turned hastily round: a thin figure, breathless through speed and anxiety, and whose white garments fluttered in the breeze of night, stood beside me. It was Louisa! our dispute with the slaves had not past so quietly, but that our voices had reached the ear of Seafield's sorrowful wife, whose couch, anguish of heart permitted not slumber to approach. She questioned her attendants; by artful interrogatories she contrived to draw from them the peculiar nature of the enterprise, on

which we were engaged. She feigned to sleep: and as soon as her women were thrown off their guard, she stole from her apartment, seized a torch, and followed us, determined to share with us the danger and its reward.

My whole resolution failed me, when I recognized the new com-er, and when she made known, in a few short expressive words, her desperate resolution. In a low voice I conjured her to return to the mansion-house; I protested, that her presence robbed our arms of strength, and our hearts of courage; and I asked her whether it was not enough agony for us to tremble for an existence so dear as Seafield's, without being obliged to risque the loss of another life equally precious?

"My life for his!" was the only reply, which she gave to my remonstrances; "my life for his! What! shall I rest my hands idly before me, while strangers are active in his defence? Shall I have to blame myself during the remnant of my existence, for having done nothing for him in the time of his extreme need, *nothing*? Shall my husband actually be rescued by his friends, while his careless wife has not even *attempted* to preserve him? No, Everard, no! my life for his! my life for his!"

I listened with admiration to the overflowings of this noble heart! How to resist her vehe-

mence, I knew not : I was compelled to give way to her, and yet was conscious, that her presence must entirely destroy every chance of our success. It would have been madness to venture in her company to that extreme point of danger, to which Zadi and myself had before not scrupled to advance. The Anaconda too, appeared at this moment to be more restless, than formerly ; doubtless, the sound of our footsteps, and our whispering dispute, must already have betrayed our being in her neighbourhood. Nevertheless, we hastily kindled our fire-brands, one of which we held in each hand, and as we whirled them rapidly backwards and forwards, we sent forth shouts and shrieks with all our strength ; the dead stillness of all around us, rendered our outcries doubly dreadful.

A rushing sound among the tops of the palm-trees, as if branch by branch they were forcibly snapped asunder, was the answer given to our challenge. It was the Anaconda, (whether excited by fear, or by anger, I will not pretend to decide) who darted herself from tree to tree with tremendous leaps, while the slender stems were bent and shaken by her burthen. At the same time we were alarmed by a loud hissing, so piercingly sharp, that it seemed close at our ears, and her eyes, blazing with their vindictive fires, shot lightnings through the gloom of night.

In truth, this appearance was in every respect so dreadful, that it required no ordinary courage to witness it without agitation. I cannot deny, that while gazing on it I felt my hair stand an end, and my blood run cold ; and I observed that Zadi strove to keep his teeth closed together, in order to prevent me from hearing them chatter.—I turned with apprehension to Louisa. Alas ! there lay the wretched wife on the earth, deprived of consciousness. The sight was sufficient to banish every other consideration. I threw away my torches hastily, clasped the unfortunate in my arms, and with Zadi's help, bore her with all speed back to the mansion-house ; prosperous in this alone, that we retired unpursued by the Anaconda.—Here, after a long interval of insensibility, we at length succeeded in recalling Louisa's flying spirit—She revived ; but it was only to dwell upon the midnight scene, from which we were just returned, and which her inflamed imagination painted in colours, if possible, still more dreadful than the reality. She called without ceasing upon her husband and upon me ; and since it was out of my power to give more active assistance elsewhere, it would have been barbarous in me to leave her without endeavouring by soothing and persuasion to dissipate the gloomy ideas, by which her heated brain was distracted.

Thus past away the remainder

of the night, which left us even with less hope and resolution, than we possess when it arrived. The melancholy morning at length dawned; but the sun was scarcely risen, when Zadi rushed into the apartment. His eyes sparkled, and the beating of his heart almost choked his words, before he was able to give them utterance.

—"Oh! Mr. Everard!" he exclaimed; "my master . . . my dear master!—He has still hope!—He has still courage!—He endeavours to communicate with us—We shall soon know how matters go with him—what he wishes to be done—Yes! yes! we will soon know it!"

It was some time before he was sufficiently calm to explain to me the cause of this emotion. At length I learned, that in examining the pavilion, he had just discovered a sheet of paper thrust thro' the crevice of the door, and which, apparently detained by one of its corners, fluttered loosely in the air, unable to effect its escape. Doubtless it was a letter, which Seafeld hoped, some favourable gust of wind would carry within our reach, but which he had not sufficiently disengaged from its narrow passage. As to reading the contents, even if the distance had permitted it, Zadi was not possessed of the knowledge requisite. He therefore had hastened in all diligence to communicate

to me this discovery, from which I also derived some hope, though fainter than that which filled the bosom of the faithful Zadi.

We hurried to the hill, approached still nearer than we had ventured to do hitherto, and with the assistance of an excellent telescope, I endeavoured to decypher the characters traced upon the important paper. Alas! that there actually were characters traced on it, was all that I could distinguish; for the light paper fluttered continually in the wind, and was never suffered to rest for two seconds together. My inexhaustible patience, my unwearied exertions, long struggled against the evident impossibility of success; I gained nothing by them except the conviction, that to prosecute the attempt further, would only be to throw away a greater portion of my time. Zadi, in breathless silence and his eyes fixed on my face unalterably, watched my every movement.

"Then you give up the point?" said he, at length, while a livid paleness overspread his dark countenance, and such a trembling seized him, that I could see his every limb shaking; "well then, there is no more to be said! Let us return to the house, and take courage: I will fetch you the paper."

"Old man!" I exclaimed, starting at this unexpected assurance—"What say you?—your good

intention is worthy of your good heart; but you would make an unavailing sacrifice to your fidelity—you may bring destruction on yourself, but you will never bring the paper from thence. To do that is out of any mortal power!"

"May be so! may be so!" repeated the Indian; "but at least the trial shall be made. It seems, as if my master's voice cried to me, that his safety depended on that paper; and should I be worthy to belong to him, if I were deaf to my master's cry?—By the God of my fathers, I will either come back to you with that paper—or never will come back again."

And with every word that he spoke, his tone became stronger, his step firmer, and the fire of resolution illuminated his large dark eyes.

During this contention, we reached the court-yard—In silence and absorbed in himself, did this unequalled servant make the necessary preparations for his undertaking. His plan was to conceal his whole person from head to foot under a covering of boughs and cocoa-leaves, resembling as much as possible the broken branches, with which the snake's gambols of indignation had strewed the hill all around her. Under this verdant shield, he flattered himself, that he should be able to creep gradually to the pavilion door, unperceived by the Anaconda.

"I have been accustomed," said he, "to this kind of work from my earliest infancy. In my time, I was reckoned an expert elephant-hunter, and by means of this artifice, have frequently made those enormous animals my prize."

But a few minutes were past, and already was Zadi accoutred in this singular disguise. He provided himself with no weapons, except his dagger. He obstinately refused to suffer me to accompany him, assuring me, that I should only put my own life in danger, without being able to afford him the least assistance. He was so positive, that I was obliged to give up the point; but I was at least determined to accompany the noble-minded fellow with my fervent prayers and wishes. From the balcony of the mansion-house, I had an extensive and unimpeded view over the surrounding objects, and from hence I saw Zadi set forward on his perilous adventure, taking through precaution a wide circuit, in order to reach the hill itself.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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THE DUCHESS OF WEIMAR.

"AMONG the few distinguished persons who have retained the elevation of the ancient German

character, is Louisa, reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. Her consort, as is well known, was one of the generals of the king of Prussia, in the ever memorable campaign of 1805. When the allied armies collected in the little territory of the duke, where it was resolved to wait the arrival of the French; when it was determined to hazard the battle, which was to decide the fate of all Germany, in the vicinity of Weimar, the duchess resolved to abide in her residence. The venerable Duchess Dowager, the sister of the Duke of Brunswick, and the hereditary prince of Weimar, with his consort, the sister of the Emperor Alexander, retreated precipitately to Brunswick; but the duchess, even after the fatal issue of the battle of Jena was foreseen, retired within the walls of her palace, and waited the event with calmness and resignation. She had assembled round her the ladies of her Court, and generously offered an asylum to the English, whose situation was then so perilous. Her amiable friend, Miss Goë, with her aged parent (since deceased) and Mr. Osborne, a gentleman who formerly filled a diplomatic character in several of the Continental Courts, were among the select party whom the Duchess collected together in a wing of the Castle, while the state apartments were opened for the reception of the unwelcome and terrific guest. During the awful 14th of

October, the Duchess and her friends were immured in their recess, and had no nourishment but a few cakes of chocolate found by accident. When the fortune of the day began to be decided (and that took place early in the morning) the Prussians retreating through the town, were pursued by the French and slaughtered in the streets. Some of the inhabitants were murdered, and a general plunder began. In the evening the Conqueror approached and entered the palace of the Duke now become his own, by the right of conquest. It was then that the Duchess left her apartment, and seizing the moment of his entering the hall, placed herself on the top of the staircase, to greet him with the formality of a courtly reception. Napoleon started when he beheld her: "*Qui êtes vous?*" (who are you) he exclaimed with his characteristic abruptness "*je suis la Duchesse de Weimar* (I am the Duchess of Weimar)." "*Je vous plains,*" he retorted fiercely "*j'crasrai votre mari* (I pity you, I shall crush your husband)." He then added, "I shall dine in my apartment," and rushed by her.

She sent her Chamberlain early on the following morning to enquire concerning the health of his Majesty the Emperor and to solicit an audience. The morning dreams of Napoleon had possibly soothed his mind to gentleness, or he recollected that he was monarch as well as general, and could

not refuse what the Emperor owed to the Duchess : he accordingly returned a gracious answer, and invited himself to breakfast with her in her apartment.

On his entrance, he began instantly with an interrogative. "How could your husband, madam, be so mad as to make war against me?" "Your Majesty would have despised him if he had not," was the dignified answer he received. "How so?" he hastily replied.

The Duchess slowly and deliberately rejoined, "My husband has been in the service of the king of Prussia upwards of thirty years, and surely it was not at the moment that the king had so mighty an enemy as your Majesty to contend with, that the Duke could abandon him." A reply so admirable, which asserted so powerfully the honour of the speaker, and yet conciliated the vanity of the adversary, was irresistible. Bonaparte became at once more mild, and exclaimed, "Madam, you are the most estimable woman I ever knew—You have saved your husband!" Yet he could not confer favour unaccompanied with insult, for reiterating his assurances of esteem, he added, "*Je le pardonne, mais c'est à cause de vous seulement ; car, pour lui, c'est un mauvais sujet.*" The Duchess to this made no reply ; but seizing the happy moment, interceded successfully for her suffering people. Napoleon gave orders that the plundering should cease : and afterwards

ordered that Mr. Osborne, who had in the mean while been arrested, should be released.

When the treaty, which secured the nominal independence of Weimar, was presented, by a French General, to the Duke, he refused to take it into his own hands, saying, with more than gallantry, "Give it to my wife, the Emperor intended it for her."

LADIES BURNT ALIVE

From the following extract, from an East-Indian publication, it appears that the horrid custom of women burning themselves upon the tombs of their husbands, is not yet extinct. We are happy to learn, however, from Dr. Buchanan's late travels in the East, that the practice has long been upon the decline, and is no longer common, except in Bengal.

F. Journal.

Surat, June 30.

YESTERDAY a Suttee, or ceremony of a Brahmin woman burning herself with the body of her deceased husband, took place at Pootatab, a village about two miles from Surat, on the banks of the Taptie. I went there very early, and arrived at the spot long before any preparations were made for the approaching solemnity. At length twelve slight poles were fixed as uprights in the ground, round which a wall of Jewatric stalks was placed, as was a roof also of the same stalk, forming a shed of six or seven feet square,

and about six feet high, with a small door way facing the river. A platform, or bed, was then formed of billets of wood, six feet long, and between two and three feet wide, and two feet high. This was the funeral pile. In a short time after, the body of the deceased arrived, preceded by a tombtome, and followed by the Sutte, surrounded by Brahmins, and attended by her son, a youth of about eighteen years. The deceased was an old man with grey hairs; the woman appeared about forty, and was very stout. She sat down before the door of the pile, and after performing a few ceremonies, she attended the body of her husband to the river, where she performed various ablutions. The Brahmins all this time, as well as at her first arrival at the pile, prostrated themselves at her feet, as to a superior being. At her return from the river, she sat down near the opening of the pile, and the body of her husband was placed beside her. The body was then uncovered, on which she, with one of the most emphatic expressive smiles I ever saw, bowed her head towards his face, and said in a mild tone of voice, in the Moorish language,—“Ah, my husband!” Her looks to me indicated more; as though she would have said—Never mind, my husband, we shall not be long separated. The body of the deceased was then carried into the inclosure, and placed length-ways on the funeral pile. She then went

through various mysteries and ceremonies, too intricate for me to understand; but, among others, she poured ghee several times on the sacred fire which was placed before her, when her son took some of the ashes, and put them in her mouth, which she swallowed. She then drank three separate times of consecrated water. On returning the loote to one of the officiating Brahmins, he found a little left, which he swallowed with great avidity; she then received a few rupees at two different times from her son, and presented them as offerings to the Priests. Three female relations were then allowed to approach her: they threw themselves at her feet, and seemed imploring for something; she touched all their foreheads, and gave each some grass, rice, and flour, and they departed. I must not omit mentioning that blades of grass were invariably used even in the most trifling ceremonies.

She was then decorated with a necklace of camphire, and bracelets of the same—as also a wreath forming a turban, indicative of her throwing off the nature of womanhood, and assuming that of the man; all these mysteries being concluded, she arose and prepared to walk round the pile seven times. The first round two Brahmins laid hold of her to support her; she, in an audible voice, declined their assistance, and said she could walk alone; and indeed the oftener she

went round, her step appeared the more firm and determined. This ceremony being completed, she entered the inclosure, and seated herself on the pile in an upright posture, and placed the head of her deceased husband in her lap. Ghee, in large quantities, had been poured on her head and garments, pieces of camphire, cow-dung, plantain-grass, rice, flour, &c. were then strewed over the body of the dead man. Billets of wood were then placed by the officiating Brahmins in a pyramidical form around her, and a few bundles of very dry brush wood were placed at the top near her head; the sacred fire was then given by one of the Brahmins to her son, who presented it to his mother. The head Brahmin remained in conversation with her for a quarter of an hour, during which period she held the light in her hand; a leaf of the shafter was also carried in, and as the Brahmin did not bring it out again, I suppose that this was also placed on the pile. The Brahmin then took leave of her, and when he came to the door (as if anxious that an European should be witness of her setting fire to the pile with her own hands) he beckoned me to approach, when immediately I saw her bow her head on that of her husband, and on raising it, set fire to the brush wood above her. It did not burn as quick as was expected, during which time she sat as composed, as if she had no interest in the affair. The Brahmins close to me, see-

ing this, threw some fire on the pile, and in two seconds the whole was a complete conflagration. While the bodies were burning, the Brahmins kept dancing round the funeral pile with enthusiasm, and apparent satisfaction.

The officiating Brahmins, so far from opposing my approach, appeared anxious that I should see the whole minutely, that I might relate that every thing had been conducted without deceit or persuasion. I accordingly took my station at the angle post at the door, where I remained the whole time; the Suttee at not more than three feet from me. She appeared so totally absorbed in her prayers, and performing the necessary ceremonies, and in conversation with her son, that she paid not the smallest attention to any thing round her, excepting once, when she waved her hand to me not to advance nearer. During the whole ceremony, which lasted considerably more than an hour (for I was too much interested to look at my watch) she was as firm and collected, and perhaps more so, than most of the by-standers. I never took my eyes off her the whole time, and dare assert that not the smallest degree of compulsion was used.

Love never confers obligations, it does every thing for its own sake.

NATURAL HISTORY
OF CERTAIN ANIMALS.

ANTS.

"In the middle of an immense Savanna, or swamp, perfectly level as far as the eye could carry I observed a little hill, which appeared to be formed by mud. My companion told me it was an ant-hill. What! said I, is this gigantic construction made by an insect? He proposed to conduct me, not to the hill, where we might have been devoured, but near the road of the labourers. We soon discovered several columns of ants going to, and coming from the forest, and bringing back pieces of leaves, roots, and seeds or grains. Those ants were of the largest size, but I did not venture to observe them too nearly. Their habitation, which I examined at about forty paces off, appeared to be about fifteen or twenty feet high, and about thirty or forty in diameter at the base. Its shape was that of a pyramid cut off at a third of its proper height. I was informed, that when a planter had the misfortune to discover one of these formidable fortresses in clearing his newly-acquired lands, he was obliged to abandon his establishment, unless he was powerful enough to carry on a regular siege. My informer said this had happened to himself; he wished to extend his plantations, and discovered such a hut as was then before us. He caused a deep cir-

cular ditch to be dug, and filled with pieces of dry wood, and after having set fire to the whole circumference, he attacked the ant-hill with cannon. The demolition of the fabric dispersed the army of ants, which having no means of retreat, perished in the flames that issued from the ditch.

"What can be the cause of this immense re-union of ants, in the same place, and engaged in the same direction of labour, of collecting provisions, and of co-habitation, whilst they have at their disposal vast extents of lands, and plentiful food? It appears probable, that in these deserts they find a number of enemies among the birds, the reptiles, and even the quadrupeds, such as the ant-bear, against whom their numbers, if dispersed, can do nothing.

"They have conceived the plan of a confederation so powerful and so harmonic, that even the curious, who appear at the limits of their empire, are not tempted to encroach. It may truly be said, that this population is raised *en masse* against every assailant; for the most robust man or animal who might approach the ant-hill, would in an instant be covered and devoured by myriads of ants.

"Since this, I saw, in Cayenne, another species of ants, no less wonderful, and more useful, as it remains in peace and alliance with man, and it pursues only flies, lizards, caterpillars, scorpions, rats

and mice. I have seen them arrive from the country in columns, enter the town by the gate, run over the houses, where they were fearlessly allowed to enter, and return after their execution, in the same order, and out of the same gate. I leave to naturalists the care of classing and describing the species; it is the moral part of animals which interests me."

(To be continued)

CATO TO DANGLE.

"Lord, Mr Dangle, why will you plague me about such nonsense? Isn't it sufficient to make yourself ridiculous by your passion for the theatre, without continually teasing me to join you?—O my conscience, I believe if the French were landed to-morrow, your first enquiry would be, whether they had brought a theatrical troop with them."

Sheridan's Critic.

SIR,

You complain of my brevity, and I cannot recriminate on that side, for you are pitifully exempt from the charge. "Words are the money of fools, and the counters of wise men." It belongs to me to be sententious and brief; to you, it seems, to be vapid and tedious. I shall endeavour to maintain my character as well as you have succeeded in preserving yours.

Heaven, says one, heaven guard us against our friends, and we will take care of our ourselves against our enemies! How much reason

the players have to make this exclamation, with regard to you, their champion, they best know. Intecility may be no fault of the man, but it unquestionably renders you the worst ally, and the most desirable opponent upon earth. To conquer you, would be no honour; to triumph over you, mean! To undeceive you, would be to deprive you of the pleasure of your folly, and of a happy, silly fellow to make a melancholy simpleton. Therefore, henceforth you shall live in all the enjoyment of your friends, (fit society for each other!) and be no more molested by me. As it was with Felix and Paul, "I will keep my word with you, and, as near as I can, be like you in nothing."

CATO.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to counteract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the solitary cottage, of the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements; nor treat the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness to a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To exult over the miseries of an unhappy creature, is inhuman; not to compassionate them, is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others in proportion to their own undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue, are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries, and restrains our severe judgment, and angry passions.

VARIETY.

The usual language of the Bar.

The Lord Chancellor Northington, when Mr. Henley, while practising at the bar, went the Western Circuit, and being rather of a warm temper, he was too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary instance of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence, Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross ex-

amined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the court had adjourned, and the Lawyers were all together at the white Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know that a gentleman wanted to speak with him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley had entered into the room Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.—“Friend Henly (said he) I cannot call thee, for thou hast used me most scurrilously: thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity; but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand and *will have* satisfaction. Here are swords—Here are two pistols—choose thy weapons, or fight me at fisticuffs if thou hadst rather—for fight me thou shalt, before thou leavest the room, or beg my pardon!” Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse that it was nothing more than *the usual language of the Bar;*” that what was said in the court should not be questioned out of Court; Lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth; but such speeches died in speaking; he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he had really forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would no longer remember it; upon his word and honour he never meant to give the least offence; but if, undesignedly, he had offended him, he was very sorry for it, and was ready to beg

his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction—"well (said Mr. Reeve) as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but had rather beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room." Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and delay, submitted to the condition, and thus the illustrating the truth of the axiom, that the "Bully is always a coward."

ANECDOTE

Of Dr. Butler, late Bishop of Cloyne.

This worthy prelate being on a visit to an old college-friend, who had fitted up his parsonage with great neatness, was complimenting him upon his improvements.—'Why, e, my lord,' said the doctor, 'you have been plaguing me about marriage for some years back, and now you see I have got a trap at last.'—'Why yes, doctor,' replied the bishop, 'the trap is very well: put I'm afraid,' (looking him full in the face, which was none of the handsomest) 'I'm afraid the woman won't like the bait.'

A neat thing.—A Cambridge wit, on reading the account in the paper of a Vermont man naming his daughter "*Embargo*," observed it was very well, if he intended to prohibit all *Commerce* with her.

Lee Lewis, shooting in a field, the proprietor attacked him vio-

lently: "I allow no person to *kill game* on my manor, but myself, I'll *shoot you*, if you come here again."—'What (said the other,) I suppose you mean to make *game* of me.'

A Waterman, in order to procure a little more than his fare from a quaker, whom he had waited from Westminster to Blackfriars, hoped his worship would consider that the tide and very high wind, had made it a very hard row. 'Friend replied Broadbrim, 'if the wind is raised by Providence, there is no need that I should raise the wind also.

An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed that he owed him a good *drubbing*: "Never mind, Sir!" said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the *debt*."

A Turkish Hyperbole.

Persons in warm countries certainly possess powers of imagination superior to persons in colder climates. The following description of a small room will appear very poetic to an English reader. "I am now," says a Turkish Spy, writing to his employers, "in an apartment so little, that the least suspicion cannot enter it."

This accords tolerably well with the story of the hunter; who

hearing a rustling among the leaves, cocked his gun to fire at the supposed game; but on closer inspection, he found the noise proceeded from the dancing of a stick, so crooked that it could not lie still.

From the *London Mirror*.

The following singular advertisement is taken from a late number of the *Connecticut Courant*:

"Thomas Hutchins has advertised, that I have absented myself from *his bed and board*, and forbid all persons trusting me on his account, and cautioned all persons against making me any payment on his account. I now advertise the public, that the same Thomas Hutchins came as a fortune-teller into this town, about a year ago, with a recommendation which, with some artful falsehoods, induced me to marry him. Of the four wives he had before me, the last he quarrelled away; how the other three came by their deaths he can best inform the public; but I caution all widows or maidens against marrying him, be their desire for matrimony ever so strong. Should he make his advances under a feigned name, they may look out for a little, strutting, talkative, feeble, meagre, hatchet-faced fellow, with spindle shanks, and a little warped in the back.

"**THANKFUL HUTCHINS.**"

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

A woman at Royalston, (Mass.) thus advertises a man, whom we suppose to be her husband:

"Ran away from the subscriber on the 28th of September, 1808, Nathaniel Grover, near six feet high, grey hair, one side curled and the other straight, pea-porridge coloured eyes. Whoever will apprehend said runaway, and fetch him back to Royalston, and cause a guardian to be put over him, shall receive three dollars reward.

"**DEBORAH GROVER.**"

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. Gold Betts, to Miss Ann Delamarter.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Samuel Thorne, to Miss Sarah Cheeseman, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Anderson Merrit, to Miss Sarah Carpenter, both of North Castle.

At Salem, Mass. Mr. William Osborn, merchant, of New-York, to Miss Priscilla A. Jenks.

DIED,

On Thursday, the 25th inst. sincerely regretted, Mrs. Rachel Godwey.

Suddenly, on Sunday last, on board the schooner *Malinda*, at Philadelphia, Mr. Joel Coles, of this city.

.....

Our City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



.....

The following beautiful lines by a young lady, are copied from a London publication, and sent us by our valuable correspondent Julia Francesca.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT is this wretched life we hold
so dear,
Where nought but sorrows dwell, and
grief severe,
Where as we mark each sad returning
day,
We're sure to find new mis'ries in our
way :
To-day we see that sorrow marks our
road,
To-morrow hope we to throw off the
load—
To-morrow comes—alas ! and still the
same ;
On happiness we find, we have no claim.
So years roll round—succeeding sum-
mers come ;
Still wretchedness our lot, and death
our doom !
And what is death, at which we're so
much aw'd ?
Is it our dread to meet an injur'd God ?
Is it stern conscience, that intruding
guest,
Disturbs the mind, and chills the throb-
bing breast ;
Makes the proud heart inspect its little
worth,
Regret oblivion had not claim'd its
birth.

Teach me, great God, to live, that at
the last,
When worn with pain I lay till life is
past ;
In the last hour when I resign my
breath,
Thou may'st accept me, gracious God,
in death.
And when my poor remains are laid at
rest,
When by the world forgot, and ice my
breast,
And to my mother earth I have re-
turn'd,
Still by one much-lov'd friend I shall be
mourn'd !
Then may my soul have gain'd its long
sought rest,
My God have pardon'd and receiv'd it
blest !

ELIZA.

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

Lines to Miss L. B.

On the author's leaving the city
for a length of time.

FAREWELL, sweet girl ! dear lovely
maid, adieu !
Though frowning fate decrees that
we must part,
Still to thy image shall my soul prove
true,
Still be thy name engraven on my
heart !

And when thy Henry's absent, wilt
thou deign
To think upon the youth, so fond, so
true ?
The youth whose soul is solely wrapp'd
in thine ;
Whose happiness, whose life, de-
pends on you ?

Alternate hopes and fears possess my
soul ;

Ah ! yes, that gentle sigh methinks
I hear :

See melancholy seated on thy brow,
And see thine eyes distil the pearly
tear.

But soon, alas ! these airy visions fly ;
These fancies fond, I'm forc'd to bid
adieu ;

No longer hear the gently swelling sigh,
No longer fancy thee so fond and
true.

But whether kind or cruel thou dost
prove,

Firm as the sea-beat rock is still my
love !

H. C.

On the lateness of the Spring.

GAUNT, russet, barren ! with tyrannic
away,

"Here Winter lingers in the lap of
May."

The buds hang back, for fear his frosty
knife

Should cut the tender stamina of life :
All lifeless seem, and barren as the
tomb !

No peach-tree fragrance spreads, nor
shows the bloom ;

No flow'rs upon the ruddy Apple glow ;
Nor Plumbs nor Cherries, imitate the
snow !

The Birch nor Pines no genial warmth
inhale,

Nor breathe their sweets in every pass-
ing gale ;

Cold hoary Frost invades the lower
ground ;

And chilling damps and fogs the hills
surround.

Nor Flora, rich in flow'rs, with lib'ral
hand,

Scatters her offspring o'er the smiling
land.

Nor yet Vertumnus gives the changeful
scene,

Cov'ring both hills and vales with purest
green :

The changeful god, regardless of the
time,

Pomona woos in some more genial
clime.

The oak his leafless head majestic
tow'rs,

Unblest by April's soft aperiënt show-
ers.

No lonely Maple spreading o'er the
glade,

Shews her strong limbs in crimson
flow'rs array'd.

The frogs which rose to court the solar
beam,

Withdraw themselves, and cower be-
neath the stream ;

The Bull Frog scarce dares venture to
the shore,

To charm the vallies with his murmur-
ing roar.

No Humming-bird, delighted, 'mongst
us roves,

The sweets to gather 'mid the fields and
groves.

The industrious Bee scarce through the
chillness tries

To fill her bag, or load with wax her
thighs.

Thus Nature suffers from th' unkindly
sky,

And things, once merry-hearted, seem
to sigh.

But soon the powerful Sun shall claim
the day,

And from us chase our northern foes
away.

MASS. SPY.

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